Promethea
Alan Moore - J.H. Williams III - Mick Gray - Jeromy Cox - Todd Klein
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Bringing Down The Temple!
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LOS ANGELES, TONIGHT:
...SORRY, BUT MR. SOLOMON'S IN A MEETING. I'LL GET HIM TO CALL YOU BACK.
HEH HEH! I GOT OUT OF INTERNET TRADING JUST IN TIME!
THE CHECKING DECK
SOLOMON'S CASINO CLUB
SHRED EVERYTHING, THEN EMPTY THE ACCOUNTS. WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE...
LOOK, WE'RE NOT EVEN SURE THE BOSS IS DEAD...
GELCAR
HE'S DEAD, MAN! HE'S £$%&ING DEAD. THEY SAID HE WAS BLOWN TO £$%&ING BITS!
I TELLYA, IT'S THAT BLACK MAGIC CRAP HE WAS INTO! I KNEW THIS WOULD £$%&ING HAPPEN...
SHIRLEY, WILL YOU ANSWER THAT £$%&ING PHONE, YOU DUMB #@&£?
I-I'M SORRY...
YES, HELLO? NO, I'M SORRY, NO, MR. SOLOMON'S IN A MEETING RIGHT NOW...
HEY...YOU HEAR THAT, OUT IN THE CLUB? WHAT WAS THAT?
AH, SOME WAITRESS DROPPED A TRAY OF GLASSES. WE GOTTA DELETE THESE FILES...
NO, NO, I'M SORRY, HE CAN'T. LISTEN, HE'LL GET BACK TO YOU...
THAT WAS SOMETHING! THAT WAS DEFINITELY £$%&ING SOMETHING OUT IN THE £$%&ING CLUB, MAN!
$#%&! IT'S THE COPS, ALREADY HERE ABOUT BENNY. GOTTA BE!
GOTTA WIPE THIS HARD DRIVE...
GO KEEP 'EM BUSY!
KEEP 'EM BUSY UNTIL I GET RID OF ALL THIS CRAP...
OKAY, OKAY, WHAT'S ALL THE GODDAMN...
JESUS.

PROMETHEA

Alan Moore writer - co-creators
J.H. Williams III penciller
Mick Gray inker
Jeromy Cox colorist
Todd Klein letterer
Jeff Mariotte assist. editor
Scott Dunbier editor

Bringing Down The Temple!

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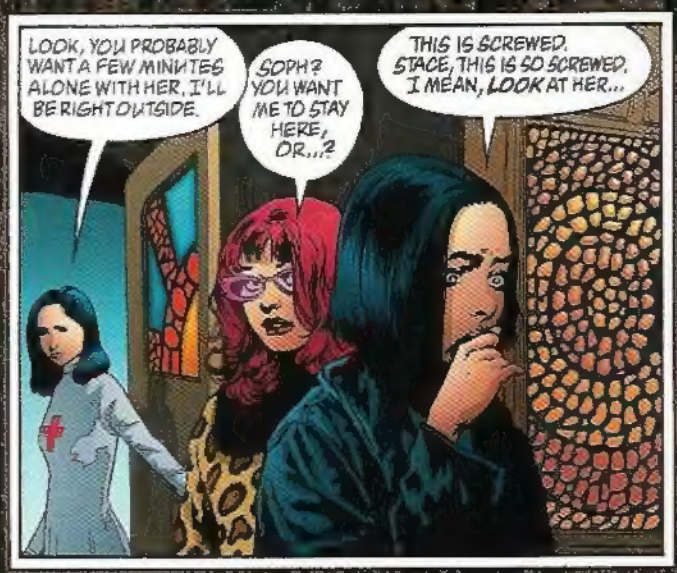
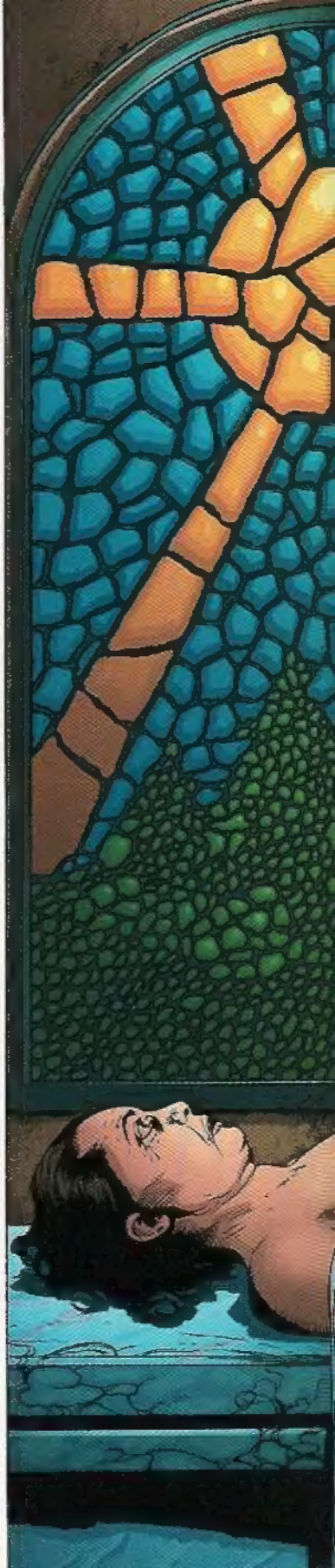
NEW YORK, MONDAY:
I'M REALLY SORRY.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE HER?

UH...YEAH, YEAH, I--I THINK I WOULD.
OH GOD, WHEN DID...WHEN DID SHE, Y'KNOW...?
SHE HUNG ON A DAY OR SO AFTER WE FOUND HER OUT OF BED DURING THAT...THAT STUFF THAT HAPPENED AT THE HOSPITAL.
THEY PRONOUNCED HER DEAD EARLY THIS MORNING...


LOOK, YOU PROBABLY WANT A FEW MINUTES ALONE WITH HER. I'LL BE RIGHT OUTSIDE.
SOPH? YOU WANT ME TO STAY HERE, OR...?
THIS IS SCREWED. STACE, THIS IS SO SCREWED. I MEAN, LOOK AT HER...



THEY HAVEN'T EVEN CLOSED HER EYES. THEY HAVEN'T EVEN...
AW, GOD, STACE. AW, GOD...
SOPH... IT'S OKAY. REALLY, IT'S OKAY...
NO, UH-UH. THIS IS NOT OKAY.
SHE HELPED ME FIGHT THOSE DEMONS AND IT KILLED HER.
OH GOD, HER FACE, IT'S ALL COLD. IT'S LIKE MARBLE...
I...I WAS GONNA ASK YOU ABOUT THE DEMONS. I JUST REMEMBER LITTLE FLASHES...
YEAH, WELL, GRACE WIPED YOUR MEMORY. MY MOM DOESN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING PAST THAT FIRST EXPLOSION.
AW, GOD, BARBARA...
SHE WAS SO NICE, STACE. SHE REALLY LOOKED OUT FOR ME.
NOBODY'S GETTING AWAY WITH THIS. I MEAN IT.
NOBODY.

LOS ANGELES, TUESDAY:
SO...
ONCE MORE. YOUR SOULS.
DO YOU VALUE THEM?
HUHHH...
YES! YES! OH, GOD, VINCE, TELL HER! TELL HER WHAT SHE WANTS!
L-LOOK, WE VALUE OUR SOULS, OKAY? WE VALUE OUR SOULS.
WE DON'T KNOW ANY-THING...
YOUR EMPLOYER WAS CONTRACTED TO KILL ME. HIS CLIENTS WERE A GROUP CALLED "THE TEMPLE."
WHERE ARE THEY?
TH-THAT WAS ALL ON THE COMPUTER. SAL WIPED THE DRIVE...
I SEE. AND THIS IS THE DEVICE, HERE?
UH...Y-YEAH. BUT, LIKE, SAL WIPED IT CLEAN...
RETRIEVING THE INFORMATION, IT'S LIKE, YOU'D NEED TO BE A COMPUTER EXPERT, OR...

HM.
THERE'S NO ADDRESS FILED UNDER "TEMPLE." NO CONTACT INFORMATION. JUST A NAME...
WHO'S HENRY ROYCE?
H-HE MUST BE BENNY'S TEMPLE CONTACT. L-LOOK, I PROMISE, WE NEVER HEARD OF THE GUY...
IT DOESN'T MATTER. I'LL FIND HIM.
I AM GRATEFUL FOR YOUR HELP.
CHANGE YOUR LIVES.
AAA! OH GOD, PLEASE...
OH NO OH NO...
UHHHH.
HUHUHH...
HUHUH...
HUHHH.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY.
GOD.
SO WHAT DID YOU... WHAT DID PROMETHEA DO THEN?
SHE... I FLEW HOME, L.A. TO NEW YORK, IN THIS DREAMY STREAK OF WIND AND LIGHTS. TOOK HER MAYBE TEN MINUTES.
"TEXTure.
...is "TEXTure.
More on the recent SOUTH TOWER HOSPITAL panic, where celebrity omnipath THE PAINTED DOLL was reportedly "killed in an explosion." Yeah, right.
Since being present at the incident, Mayor SONNY BASKERVILLE seems a new man, allegedly one more "Commanding and decisive."
Speaking yesterday the Mayor said, "I am Legion. All shall kiss my smoldering hoof." This is "TEXTure. ...
WE'RE GETTING USED TO EACH OTHER, MORE LIKE ONE PERSON.
GOD, STACE, BEING HER, WITH HER SENSES, DROPPING TOWARDS NEW YORK FROM ABOVE...
I GUESS ALL THE WALTONS MUST BE DEAD BY NOW...
L32

APEX
COMIX THAT MAKE YOU FEEL.
ANYWAY, YESTERDAY WAS BARBARA'S FUNERAL. THERE WERE JUST SOME RELATIVES, AND THAT GEEK FROM THE FIVE SWELL GUYS.
HE KEPT STARING AT ME...
ELASTAGEL
HE MUST LIKE SKINNY LITTLE SKELETON GIRLS.
LISTEN, YOUR FRIEND BARBARA? ISN'T SHE WITH ALL THOSE OTHER PROMETHEAS YOU MENTIONED, OVER IN THE IMPETIGO?
THE IMMATERIA. YEAH, I GUESS SO. I SHOULD GO SEE HOW SHE'S DOING. MAYBE TONIGHT, AFTER CLASS...
In other news, makers of computerized smart-slime ELASTAGEL report record sales.
Three in five New Yorkers now use twinkling, crawling ELASTAGEL products in home or work-place...
...including "ELASTA-VALET," "ELASTA-PET," and the very popular "JOY-GEL." This is TEXTure....

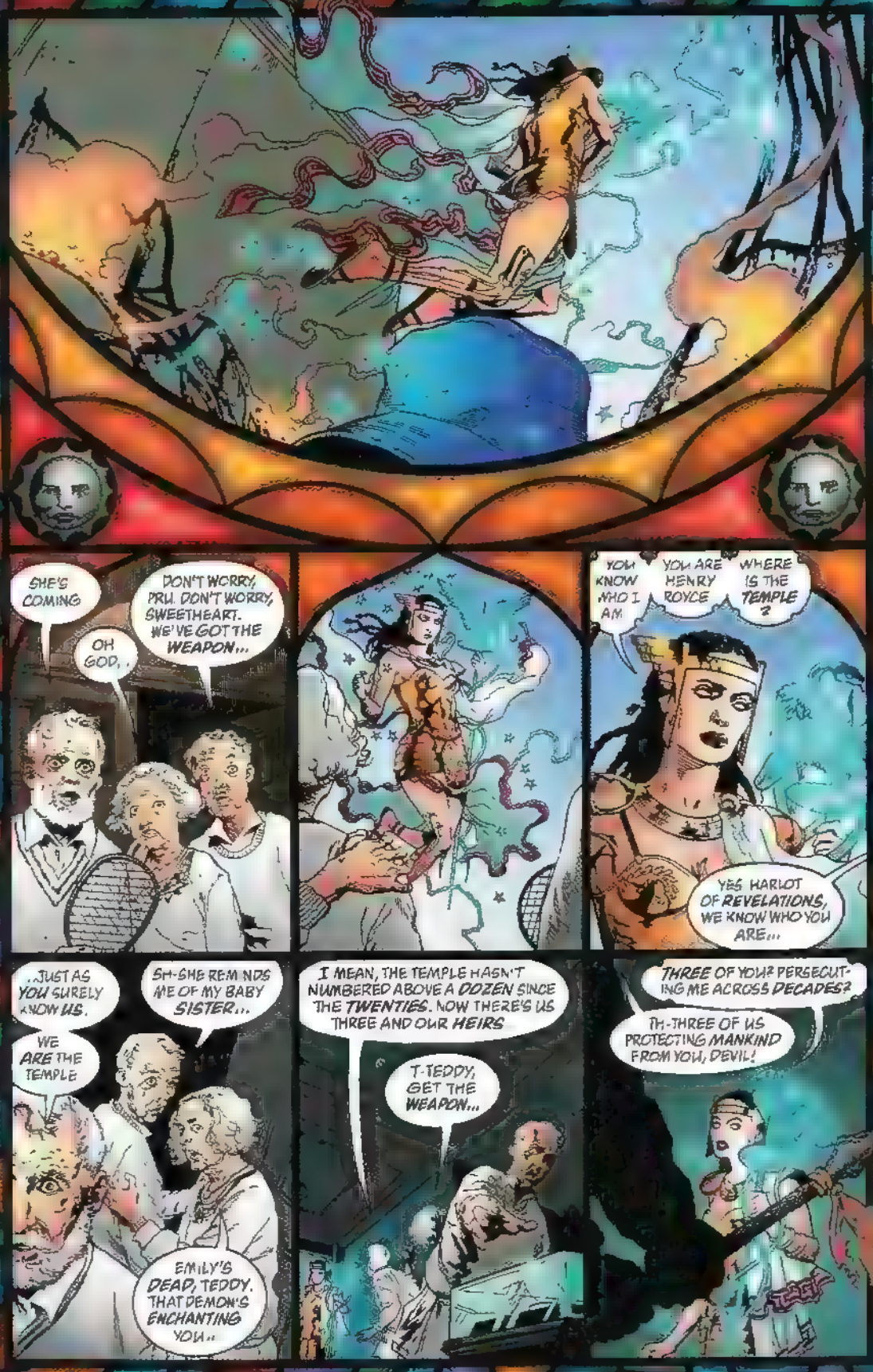
WHAT DO YOU MEAN SHE'S GONE?
WE MEAN THAT MISTRESS BARBARA HAS CHOSEN NOT TO TARRY WITH US NOW THAT HER MORTAL ROUND IS DONE.
SHE WISHED US ALL FAREWELL...
DARLING, HER ACTUAL WORDS WERE, "DAMNED IF I'M SPENDING ETERNITY WITH A BUNCH OF DRIED UP HAG BEEN BITCHES LIKE YOU."
BUT THEN, THAT'S BARBARA
BUT..I MEAN, WHERE DID SHE GO?
SHE WENT ON. SHE SAID SHE WANTED TO FIND STEVE, HER HUSBAND

SHE WENT BEYOND, SOPHIE.
SHE SAID TO SAY GOODBYE
YOU HAVE TO LET HER GO. SHE'S GONE INTO THE MAGIC, WHERE PEOPLE CAN'T FOLLOW
FORGET HER, MONEY.
I CAN'T DO THAT, BILL
I'M SORRY...
LES MISERABLE
CAN YOU HEAR ME MOTHER?
...I JUST CAN'T
AIR

SORRY, LADY. NO MORE READINGS TODAY. MAKE AN APPOINTMENT, AND...
Sorry, We're CLOSED
J. FAUST TAROT · ASTROLOGY FORTUNES
HOLY SET.
OH, RIGHT! RIGHT, I GET IT! I HEARD WHAT YOU DID TO BENNY SOLOMON, SO NOW IT'S MY TURN, HUH?
HOW IN GEHENNA DID YOU FIND ME? I HAVE SPELLS OF CONCEALMENT...
YOU'RE IN THE DIRECTORY. YOU PICK YOU'RE UNDER "FAUST, J.--TAROT·ASTROLOGY·FORTUNES"
ANYWAY, YOU CAN RELAX. I'M SAVING UP MY HOSTILITY FOR THE TEMPLE.
I'M NOT HERE TO HARM YOU
YOU'RE DIFFERENT. YOU DON'T DO ALL THAT "UH, LIKE, TOTALLY" STUFF ANYMORE, DO YOU? YOU'RE GETTING INTO CHARACTER.
SO, IF YOU'RE NOT HERE TO LEAN ON ME, WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I WANT YOU TO TEACH ME MAGIC.
UH-HUH. I UNDERSTAND BARBARA SHELLEY DIED. GUESS THIS IS CONNECTED. MY SYMPATHIES, INCIDENTALLY SHELLEY WAS OKAY.
SO, I TEACH YOU MAGIC, WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?
I DON'T KNOW. WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WELL...
SEX, OBVIOUSLY
WUH... WITH ME?
HEY! NOW I'M INSULTED! WHAT AM I, SOME CHICKEN HAWK? OF COURSE I DON'T WANT SEX WITH YOU.
I WANT SEX WITH PROMETHEA
I MEAN, OKAY, SURE, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. HE'S OLD. HE'S BALD. HE'S PROBABLY A SATANIST.
BUT LISTEN, I HAPPEN TO BELIEVE THAT MY SOUL IS BEAUTIFUL
AND I CLEAN UP REAL GOOD
ANYWAY, YOU'RE GOING TO NEED SOME TIME TO THINK ABOUT THIS, I CAN TELL
NO HURRY. YOU KNOW WHERE I AM. YOU TAKE CARE, NOW, LITTLE SOPHIE
THERE'S SOME BAD PEOPLE OUT THERE

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, 3 00 AM
FATHER, FORGIVE ME, BUT, WHY DID I COME HERE? I CAN'T REMEMBER...
AH, SURE NOW, MR. ROYCE, ISN'T TA FINE TEMPLE? YOU DREAMED ABOUT IT ONCE, WHEN YOU WERE JUST A WAXLESS BOY.
IT'S A SHAME ABOUT YOUR MOTHER
BUT...MOTHER DIED THIRTY YEARS AGO! IT SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THIS LONG TO ARRANGE HER FUNERAL...
IN FACT...DON'T I REMEMBER COMING TO HER FUNERAL BACK THEN?
YOU'RE RIGHT DO. SHE WAS A VERY RESPECTIOUS WOMAN
COME. LET'S ADORE THE BODY.
YES YES, THAT'S MY MOTHER...BUT SHE LOOKS SO YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL. SHE'S NOT WHO I REMEMBER AT ALL...
THE MORTICIANS DO A WONDERFUL JOB MY SON.
IT'S ONLY NATURAL THAT WE SHOULD ALL WANT TO KISS HER.
I--I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT
SHE REMINDS ME OF SOMEBODY, WITH HER HAIR LIKE THAT SOMEBODY LIKE A COLOR, OR LIKE A TV SHOW...
AH, DON'T BE SAD. IF YOU EXAMINE HER, SHE'S HARDLY THERE AT ALL.
LOOK A LITTLE CLOSER...
HENRY ROYCE
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU
AAA AAAA AAA!
HELLO, TEDDY? YES I'M SORRY FOR WAKING YOU I JUST HAD...WELL, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN ORDINARY DREAM, BUT..
TEDDY, I THINK SHE MAY HAVE FOUND US
NO. NO, THE CELEBRATION MUST PROCEED THIS AFTERNOON, AS PLANNED.
SURE WE'LL TALK LATER

BUT . I MEAN HOW DID YOU FIND TH S ROYCE GUY?
NEFILIM·MUSIC
CDS · BUY·SELL·TRADE
IDIOTS RUSH THE NEW ALBUM FROM LES M SERABLE
OH, RIGHT AND JUST LIKE THAT YOU KNOW H S ADDRESS, YOU KNOW HES PART OF TH S TEMPLE THING..
PROMETHEA SEARCHED THE IMMATERIA AND HAPPENED ON ONE OF HIS DREAMS. . WAS EASY
HEY! TAX!!
STACE, PROMETHEA KNOWS OKAY?
YEAH W WE'RE GO NG TO BURLEIGH DRIVE. OUT IN FORES H LLS
BURLE GH DRIVE? SOPH, THAT'S WHERE ALL THE MILLIONAIRES L VE! .T CAN'T BE WHERE THIS TEMPLE S..
LOOK YOU ASKED TO COME ALONG OKAY? ANYWAY MAYBE THE TEMPLE'S UNDERGROUND OR SOMETHING
NOW LET ME CONCENTRATE, HMM?
WOW, I GUESS THIS MUST BE THE PLACE.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? ARE YOU GOING TO JUST ZAP EVERYBODY OR WHATEVER?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I M GOING TO DO
THEY'RE PROBABLY EXPECTING ME..
I MEAN THEY RE THIS ANC ENT OCCULT ORGANIZATION I TH NK THEY MAY EVEN BE THE ONES WHO KILLED THE OR G NAL PROMETHEA'S DAD.
PROBABLY IT'S THIS HUGE CULT OF ASSASSINS. THEY HAVE TO BE EXPECTING ME. .
SOPH, LISTEN, THIS DECISIVE ACTION STUFF. IT'S NOT LIKE YOU
A-ARE YOU GE T NG BIGGER?
IT'S LIKE I DON'T KNOW YOU ANY MORE. YOU WOULDN'T TELL ME WHAT THAT CREEPY FAUST GUY SAID, AND..
YES. STACIA, LISTEN...
AS FOR JACK FAUST, I'M STILL CONSIDERING WHAT HE SAID.
AH. THAT MUST BE THE MANSION GATES AHEAD.
I'M STILL ME BUT I'M HER TOO NOW EVERYONES JUST GOING TO HAVE TO GET OVER THAT
LOOK, ALL THIS STUFF, IT JUST SCARES ME YEAH? I MEAN, T S NOT EVEN FUNNY.
CAN'T YOU DO THIS WHOLE BIG STUPID REVENGE THING SOME OTHER TIME?
IT ISN'T REVENGE AND T SN'T STUPID..
GRACE WAS RIGHT. I HAVE TO STRIKE BACK IM-MEDIATELY.
I CAN END THEM NOW, OR LET THEM KEEP HURTING PEOPLE BY SPARR NG WITH THEM FOREVER
BESIDES, TODAY IS SOME BIG TEMPLE FEAST OR CELEBRA-TION.
BUT.. DOESN'T THAT MEAN THEY'LL ALL BE THERE?
YES.
STAC A, TH S S AS FAR AS YOU GO. CALL A CAB BACK TO TOWN OR WA T HERE IT'S UP TO YOU
I'LL HANDLE THINGS FROM HERE
I'M SORRY, MISS
I CAN SEE YOU'RE ONE OF THE PERFORMERS FOR MR ROYCE'S CELEBRATION, BUT YOU .. HAVE TO SHOW I.D BEFORE I CAN LET..


SHE'S COMING
OH GOD, .
DON'T WORRY, PRU. DON'T WORRY, SWEETHEART. WE'VE GOT THE WEAPON...
YOU KNOW WHO I AM
YOU ARE HENRY ROYCE
WHERE IS THE TEMPLE ?
YES HARLOT OF REVELATIONS, WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE...
..JUST AS YOU SURELY KNOW US.
SH-SHE REMINDS ME OF MY BABY SISTER...
WE ARE THE TEMPLE
EMILY'S DEAD, TEDDY. THAT DEMON'S ENCHANTING YOU..
I MEAN, THE TEMPLE HASN'T NUMBERED ABOVE A DOZEN SINCE THE TWENTIES. NOW THERE'S US THREE AND OUR HEIRS
T-TEDDY, GET THE WEAPON...
THREE OF YOU? PERSECUTING ME ACROSS DECADES?
TH-THREE OF US PROTECTING MANKIND FROM YOU, DEVIL!

BEHOLD! WE GUARD THE SACRED SPEAR! TREMBLE, CREATURE: THIS IS THE VERY WEAPON THAT KILLED YOUR FATHER, CENTURIES AGO
HIS DEMON-BLOOD STAINS IT - IT'S TOUCH CAN SHRIVEL YOU...
I... OH GOD
OH GOD, EMILY, I-I...
*
DEAR GODS
HOW MANY LIVES, WASTED IN THIS IDIOCY?
H-HENRY... I'M SORRY, SHE...
SHUT UP. WE MUST DEFEND OUR INHERITORS. THEIR CELEBRATION...
NO. YOUR TRAGIC, BLOODY INHERITANCE GOES NO FURTHER
YOUR FOLLOWERS AND THEIR OCCULT RITUALS SHALL BE FINALLY...
...SILENCED.

DON'T LOOK, CHILDREN! DON'T LOOK! THEY'RE THINGS FROM HELL...
GRAMPA, DON'T! YOU'RE SPOILING IT!
OH LOOK. OH, LOOK, THEY'RE GOING...
OH, BY THE BY, I'D LEAVE YON GOODWIFE BE IN FUTURE SHE'S GOT FRIENDS THAT ONE HAS
KEEP OFF OR I'LL COME CALLING.

EAT ME

...AND NOBODY WANTS THAT.
CHEERIO FOR NOW.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY.
OKAY.
Next:
Sex, Stars & Serpents

IMAGINARY LINES

Write to us at 7910 Ivanhoe Ave., Suite 438, La Jolla, CA 92037, email: promethea@wildstorm.com. All letters appreciated!

Ideas, concepts, theories – that's what this book seems to be all about, and there is no limit to what these non-material subjects can accomplish. It's like Promethea said, all myths are true. This is because the idea exists. Myths are long-standing ideas that don't go away that easily. Many may not believe in them, but the idea carries on. This is because truth is such an ambiguous thing. Rules and theories all have one or many exceptions.

It's hard to spell out the truth in anything when you're not looking at it in black and white. That's why history books are always being updated. The truth is always changing to fit the times and the circumstances it is created in. This is what *Promethea* seems to be about. I hope we see some of the "truths" pictured in *Promethea* so far twisted and rent in different ways. Alan definitely did that in *Watchmen*, and it seems to pervade all his works that I've read.

More fantastic imagery from J.H. Williams. I hope he can keep this level of quality up. If you keep having these guest artists every issue then his workload shouldn't be too much so that he can. Villarrubia's stuff was a treat. I read his *Veils* work and I think this stuff was even better. The bullet through the head scene really blew me away.

Everyone else is doing a fantastic job, even you editor people. Keep it coming.

H.J. Courtemanche
Lowell, MA

Even we editor people? Hmm, damned by faint praise. . . but we'll take what we can get. Thanks.

Promethea is quickly becoming my favorite of the ABC line. *Top Ten* holds that position for now, but keep cranking out issues like #7 and *Top Ten* may become Top Two.

As one of the five or six people who picked up *Veils* it was nice to see Jose Villarrubia s art again. The photograph-as-comic-art technique has been done before, of course, but the characters always come out looking too stiff. Jose gets past that somehow, and the effect is much-appreciated. I also liked how his part of the issue broke the ABC fill-in standard by actually bleeding over onto the regular artist's pages. His model for Sophie didn't look too much like J.H. Williams' version of the character, but his Bill and Marv were dead-on.

J.H. WILLIAMS III
and MICK GRAY
Cover art

ALEX SINCLAIR
Cover color

TODD KLEIN
Cover logo and design

JIM LEE
Editorial Director

JOHN NEE
VP & General Manager

SCOTT DUNBIER
Group Editor

I'm coming to like the Five Swell Guys quite a bit. You won't see me calling for them to get their own book or anything, but their presence in these pages is a hoot. And the Painted Doll... yeesh, what a fantastic villain he's turning out to be. The Doll actually interests me more than the oh-so-mysterious Mr. Solomon.

Whatever you do, don't lose J.H. Williams! Or if you do, at least have the decency to end this series. No one else should ever draw this comic.

In short, I love this book. It s sexy, it's smart, and it mostly avoids the formulaic trap that *Tom Strong* is currently spiraling into. It's one of the first books I read when it arrives in my monthly pile, and I hope I have the opportunity to keep reading it first for a long time to come.

Russ Anderson
Baltimore, MD

Sexy, huh? Wait until next issue. And re: *Veils*; actually it sold much better than the five or six copies you indicated, and was critically-acclaimed by the mainstream press as well. We don't want Jose to feel slighted – it was an amazingly cool book.

Dear Alan, J.H., Mick, Jose, Jeromy, Todd, Jeff, and Scott, There were so many goodies crammed into this issue, I'm just going to say this: You folks never cease to amaze me!

Sincerely,
Chuck McKinney
NY NY

Brevity is an under-appreciated art form. Thanks, Chuck.

What a touching tribute to every fag who ever had a crush on Steve Trevor. Very tastefully done.

Thanks.
Ken Kneisel

And again with the short and sweet. We love it!

Dear Imaginary Lines:

And what an imagination you guys (Alan Moore, J.H. Williams III, Mick Gray, Jose Villarrubia, and Jeremy Cox) have. All of which is complemented by the fine lettering, courtesy of Todd Klein.

Wow. *Promethea* is just an amazing book. Each issue is so uplifting, so witty, and so engaging and/or amusing. I am thrilled that Sophie's adventures aren't all about fighting (though I truly enjoy those sequences). I'm thrilled that so much of what she goes through consists of learning and experiencing wondrous things (and she's not the only one; the reader is experiencing and learning right along with her). There is one other important element which helps make *Promethea* the outstanding title it is: the romantic love that results when the beauty and magnificence of Promethea deeply touch and inspire a mortal.

Ah, it was so sad in issue #7 about the love between Bill/Promethea and Dennis Drucker. Alas, it could not hold up to the truth. Is it because divine-mortal love can never prevail? Must it always burn up from the too-close contact of an earthly body to a celestial one? On the contrary, I believe that such love can and does triumph, because mortals are yet possessed of immortal souls, and each possesses that beautiful spark of divinity.

Thank you for this wonderful, wonderful title. Thank you for adding joy, beauty, inspiration, and fun to my life by means of this beautiful comic book. Thank you for illuminating what life and love can be about.

Amy Walker
Sacramento, CA 95821

Amy, thank you for expressing in a few well-phrased lines the pleasure of working on *Promethea* and being part of the process of sharing this story with the world. *Promethea* is a comic book we can feel good about working on, because the things it's adding to the ether are positive things, as you've mentioned.

Dear Editor:

Promethea holds a very unique place within the habits of my comics reading.

As it often takes place in that indefinable place between reality (...at least comic-book reality) and imagination, I tend to read it at a specific time which tends to maximize my enjoyment of the title.

The wee hours of Saturday evening into Sunday morning are an equally indefinable time. Neither Saturday, nor Sunday... somehow both, and always still and tranquil. That is the time reserved for *Promethea*! *Green Lantern* and his ilk can have the rest!

Promethea is also such that readers attuned to the magic at this book's core can form a connection to the title and concept not possible with an average comic magazine. There is someone out there (who I KNOW is reading these words) who is MY "Promethea!" Someone who inspires me as Barbara did with Steve Shelley – and, to her unique version of Promethea. I am as Charlton Bennett or Dennis Drucker to Anna or Bill.

As for the storyline itself, Sophie's journey through the Immateria with Prometheas Margaret, Grace, and Bill has been nothing short of phenomenal! Battles and big action are not always necessary, when you can enjoy" ...fireworks and hundreds of little blue stars!"

Thank you, Alan and WildStorm, for a piece of pure magic I can encase in individual Mylar bags!

Joe Torcivia
Westbury, NY

So we guess you're not watching "Saturday Night Live" a lot these days...

Dear Imaginary Lines,

Promethea is magic. She is a magical being herself, her stories seem replete with subtle references to doctrines like Gnosticism, Hermeticism and the Qaballah, and she stars in a comic book that looks and reads like magic.

In these pages, magic equals imagination and story. Reading *Supreme* made me feel sad Alan wasn't chronicling the adventures of that original Big Blue Stilton (it was that good). Reading *Promethea* makes me glad Alan isn't writing the life of that other paragon princess. It's that good.

In these pages, magic equals art. J.H. and Mick lovingly shape the immaterial, the material, even the invisible into pages that are collages of, equally, symbols, icons, people and emotions.

After seeing Promethea as an "X-Files"-like urban legend and a mystical heroine, the Immateria tour showed Promethea at her best so far, as an embodiment of humanity's Compassion (Margaret), Intellect (Grace) and Existence (Bill), in the finest possible way. Other than Sophie herself, Bill is my favorite avatar of Promethea. His story was quiet, simple, and heartbreaking, and his teachings eerily and achingly real.

And, of course, that hyper-real sequence. A whole world of exquisite pictures just a page away from J.H. and Mick's drawings, crystallizing Alan's concept of reality levels: the sheer expressive force of the comics medium, right there. A feast for more than the eyes. My heartfelt thanks to the excellent cast and crew. Where have you people been? Get out there and give us some more of this!

Added to this, an embarrassment of riches: The Five Swell Guys; Mr. Solomon and his cabal; Stacia and Trish, two much-needed human faces; the cover-homage to all those romance comics of the past (by the way, any, any chance at all someone like Alex Toth might draw a pin-up or a cover or one of Bill's pages?) Helene Cixous (whose *Promethea* is a very real, very beautiful and challenging book I'd recommend to everyone), the list is endless.

We probably expect too much of George Lucas, but we can never expect too much of Alan Moore.

Abraham Kawa

Okay, who's printing up the T-shirts with that closing line on them?

Just thought that I'd drop you folks a note to say how pleased I was with the latest issue.

I immediately recognized the four magical weapons as the suits of the Tarot (underscored by the standard suits of the playing cards behind them.) And then Route 32: in other words, the Qaballah, with its ten spheres and 22 paths – which also correspond with the ten pip cards and the 22 Major Arcana in the Tarot. (You have to excuse me: I've recently been reading Aleister Crowley's The *Book of Thoth* and Rachel Pollack's *Seventy-eight Degrees of Wisdom*, and am pleased that I actually recognize an arcane allusion for once. It's a rarity.) And the hyper-real depiction of Crowley's The Universe card (i.e., The World) struck me immediately. All I can say is, fantastic.

As a confirmed bachelor myself, I heartily approve of Bill (the character – I haven't taken to referring to myself in third person yet). Too often, gay folks are sort of turned into martyrs, victims; this, of course, denies them their humanity. We aren't a bunch of saints, and I don't see that we really need to be in order to be treated with some small measure of respect. And if Bill merely dies (after a fashion), Dennis has to spend the rest of his life with the consequences: it left Dennis as shattered as Bill (metaphorically). Dennis isn't just in prison, he's lost his mind – a testament to just how much Bill affected him.

On a lighter note, the hyper-real portion of the story was terrific, and, so far as I'm concerned, only successful because of the nature of *Promethea* (the title and the character) itself. Any other comic would just make it seem like a half-baked fumetti gimmick. But here it was used with some imagination and wit, and I applaud it.

As a side note: the suggestion that one of our readers made regarding somehow dragging William Blake into all this yes, please do. I can think of no other figure in English literature that would be so appropriate a vehicle for the energy of the imagination. The Book of Promethea, a lost portion of his Bible of Hell? It's not entirely absurd – at least no more absurd than the ghost of Milton possessing the author as he walked in his garden, by entering Blake through his foot. In other words, I second the suggestion.

Thank you!
Sincerely,
Bill Schlimme
Livonia, MI

Two votes for William Blake. Stop and think a moment – in how many comics would this even become a topic of conversation? You just have to love this crowd!

NEXT ISSUE:

Up next time, Promethea and Jack Faust get better acquainted. You really don't want to miss this!